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Music among the Poets and Poetical Writers—(continued.)

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy, with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach me, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? What ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now."

Shelley.

Wordsworth's two poems on the Sky-lark, are also given entire.

"Up with me ! up with me into the clouds !
For thy song, Lark, is strong ;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds !
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind !

I have walked through wilderness dreary,
And to-day my heart is weary ;
Had I now the wings of a Faery,
Up to thee would I fly.
There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine ;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning,
Thou art laughing and scorning ;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark ! thou would'st be loth
To be such a traveller as I.

Happy, happy Liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain river
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both !

Alas ! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind ;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures, when Life's day is done."

Wordsworth.

"Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler !—that love-prompted strain
("Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain :
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
A privacy of glorious light is thine ;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam ;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !"

Wordsworth.

HEREFORD FESTIVAL.

The one hundred and thirty-second meeting of the Three Choirs of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester Cathedrals, held for the relief of the widows and orphans of the poorer clergy in the Diocese, has been held this week ; having indeed scarcely closed when this report meets the eyes of our readers. This festival has been got up on a scale of greater magnitude as regards the number of professional musicians engaged, and the high standing of the principal performers, than any which has preceded it. Relying upon the facilities afforded by the railways for visitors from the adjoining and from distant counties, the Committee spared no cost, while the Conductor (Mr. Townshend Smith) spared no labour, to render this Festival worthy in every respect of its noble object and of the attention of the lovers of music. In their selection of pieces, the taste of the musical scholar and the appreciation of that part of the public which judges by its likings only,

were alike consulted; and the result has been a brilliant success.

In aiming at their charitable object, the committees of these Festivals have incidentally done the district a service, the extent of which could not at first have been foreseen. By these triennial meetings, they have kept alive the careful study of sacred music, at once the noblest of all music, and the sublimest of all sciences, amongst the musicians themselves; and they have created and nurtured a musical taste amongst the inhabitants of the district. As an added pleasure, music is the purest that could have been presented to them; but it has a higher value. It is a potent educator of mankind, refining the taste, accustoming the perceptions to discover the beautiful, delighting the imagination with ceaseless variety, working only upon the nobler feelings, and approving itself to the soundest judgment, by the clearness of its principles and the nice adaptation of means and end.

Looking at the subject in a merely artistic point of view, the Festivals have been of great value. But for them, our noblest sacred music would hardly have been known even by name to the reading public, while such a class as the present non-professional musical public would not have existed.

As the most ancient of existing Festivals, that of the Three Choirs stands foremost in the list of civilising agencies: in some respects, however, we regret to find that it stands alone. It is, at the present moment, the only Festival where English music forms the main item. At other Festivals it would seem that nothing home-produced is accounted good enough. We are glad to find that Mr. G. Townshend Smith, organist of the Cathedral, has struck the true mean, neither excluding nor accepting foreign music or novelties of the day simply as such, but drawing mainly from the great storehouse of English and other classical music. In this respect the example deserves general imitation, while the decision has received the approval of all unprejudiced persons. The selection of music was this time emphatically a good one—good in variety, in intrinsic merit and in appropriateness; and the success of its execution has been triumphant.

We may, as an appropriate pendant, put on record a complete list of the names of the performers whose admirable skill and care have made both morning and evening performances pass off with such brilliant effect as a whole:—

PRINCIPAL VOCAL PERFORMERS.

Madame Grisi, Madame Clara Novello, Madame Weiss, Miss Moss, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Mario, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. H. Barnby, Mr. W. H. Weiss.

PRINCIPAL INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

Solo Pianoforte: Master Arthur Napoleon.

Solo Concertina: Mr. R. Blagrove.

Solo Violin and Leader: Mr. H. Blagrove.

Violins: Messrs. Willy (principal second), W. Blagrove, J. Calkin, E. T. Chipp, Clementi, Cusins, Dando, Hill, E. S. Jones, J. Jones, Levason, A. Mellon, N. Mori, Pritchard, Ribbon, Seymour, Streather, Watson, Zerbini.
Violas: Messrs. H. Hill (principal), Bailey, R. Blagrove, Glanville, Trust, Weslake.

Violoncellos: Messrs. Lucas (principal), Phillips (second), Calkin, H. Chipp, Reed.

Double Basses: Messrs. Howell (principal), Flower (second), Edgar, Reynolds, Severn.

Flutes: Messrs. Fratten, E. Card.

Oboes: Messrs. Nicholson, Malsch.

Clarionets: Mr. Williams (principal, mornings), Mr. Lazarus (principal, evenings).

Bassoons: Messrs. Baumann, Godfrey.

Harp: Mr. Trust.

Trumpets: Messrs. T. Harper, Irwin.

Horns: Messrs. C. Harper, Rae, Mann, Standen.

Trombones: Messrs. Hawkes, Horton, Healey.

Serpent: Mr. Andre.

Drums: Mr. Chipp.

Organ: Mr. Amott.

Pianoforte: Mr. Done.

Librarian: Mr. Hedgley.

Conductor: Mr. G. Townshend Smith.

The Choral Band was selected from the three Cathedral Choirs, and Choral Societies of Hereford, Gloucester, Worcester, and Liverpool.—*Hereford Times*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

This Journal is published on the 1st of every month.

We would request those who send us country newspapers, wishing us to read particular paragraphs, to mark the passage, by cutting a slit in the paper near it.

The late hour at which Advertisements reach us, interferes much with their proper classification.

Colored Envelopes are sent to all Subscribers whose payment in advance is exhausted. The paper will be discontinued where the Subscriber neglects to renew. We again remind those who are disappointed in getting back numbers, that only the music pages are stereotyped, and of the rest of the paper, only sufficient are printed to supply the current sale.

We cannot undertake to return offered contributions; the authors, therefore, will do well to retain copies.

M. I., Leicestershire.—*Respectfully declined.*

C. A. K.—A book called "*Handel's Visit to Dublin*," by Horatio Townshend, contains the most authentic account of what you require.

Brief Chronicle of the last Month.

THE MUSICAL UNION has terminated its eleventh season, and the director has reason to be satisfied with the continued prosperity of the institution. We have received a copy of Meyerbeer's letter to Mr. Ella, after the visit of that illustrious master to one of the *matinées*, and its perusal will afford our readers a just impression of the profound veneration which he entertains for the genius of his musical predecessors, and his appreciation of Mr. Ella's musical labours:—

[TRANSLATION.]

"London, July 9, 1855.

"MY DEAR MR. ELLA,—I thank you with all my heart for the great pleasure you have afforded me in giving me the opportunity of being present at a *séance* of the Musical Union. To hear admirable masterpieces executed in so admirable a manner that the most delicate beauties and the finest niceties are brought out into relief by the talent and the *ensemble* of the executants, this is a keen musical enjoyment. But to me it was quite as keen an enjoyment to remark with what intelligence and with what interest your numerous audience was listening, and to see so many ladies following the music score in hand. The analyses which you give of the works executed at your meetings are written with equal science and fine observation; and they contain excellent criticisms. They must powerfully aid such of the audience as are not professional musicians to note instantly the severer beauties of the *morceaux*, which, without that guide, would probably have escaped them at a first hearing. Let me add, that you deserve to be congratulated upon having created, and upon the direction of so noble an institution, which must have contributed already, and will yet contribute to the general propagation of a taste for the classical music of the immortal masters. Accept the expression of my most distinguished consideration.

"G. MEYERBEER."

HULL SUBSCRIPTION MUSICAL SOCIETY.—The first annual meeting of this society was held on Tuesday night, when the president (H. Frost, Esq.), read a very satisfactory report. It appeared that there are now 168 performing and 86 subscribing members. The treasurer's account showed a balance in favor of the society of £6, with a year's subscriptions just due, and the expenses of the coming year must necessarily be much less than those incurred during the past year.